MARVEL COMICS
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MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS™
WOLVERINE®
AND
GHOST RIDER
PLUS 3 MORE ALL NEW FEATURES!

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

Cover—SANDY PLUNKETT & ALAN WEISS
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WOLVERINE AND GHOST RIDER 1

Acts of Vengence
Part 6 of 8

"BRASS TACTICS"

In the shadow of Deathwatch's headquarters, before moving in for the kill, Wolverine and Ghost Rider learn about the origin of Brass and his involvement in their affairs.

Writer — HOWARD MACKIE
Penciler — MARK TEXEIRA
Inker — HARRY CANDELARIO
Letterer — CLEM ROBINS
Colorist — GREGORY WRIGHT

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SHANNA 9

The Bush of Ghosts
Part 2 of 10

"ARROW OF GODS"

African animals are being slaughtered in European zoos, their stomachs cut out. Exporter Guy Cross-Wallace searches for African ritual objects in from Paris. Tanzanian game-warden Jeremy Mchele's men have been murdered by poachers dressed in ancient tribal costumes. Photojournalist Eric Heller investigates diamond smuggling at a mine in Zaire. And Shanna has to piece it all together.

Writer — GERARD JONES
Penciler — PAUL GULACY
Inker — GARY MARTIN
Letterer — JADE MOEDE
Colorist — STEVE MATTSSON

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DAREDEVIL 17

Redemption Song
Part 1 of 4

"HOT IN THE CITY"

A childhood accident stole his sight. But, incredibly, it endowed young Matt Murdock with radar vision and heightened senses. Armed only with his athletic prowess, billy club, and indomitable courage, Matt battles injustice as a crimson-clad gladiator ...Daredevil, the man without fear.

Writer — SANDY PLUNKETT
Layouts — SANDY PLUNKETT
Pencils — DWAYNE TURNER
Inker — CHRIS IVY
Letterer — JANICE CHIANG
Colorist — SANDY PLUNKETT

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SILVER SURFER 25

"A HOWLING IN THE VOID"

To save his planet, Norrin Radd surrendered his freedom to become herald to the world-devouring Galactus. Coated with Galactic glaze, given a surfboard obeying his mental commands, and granted the power cosmic, he now soars the universe a shining sentinel of the spaceways—the Silver Surfer!

Writer — LEN WEIN
Penciler — HUGH HAYES
Inker — CHRIS IVY
Letterer — RICK PARKER
Colorist — JOE ROSAS

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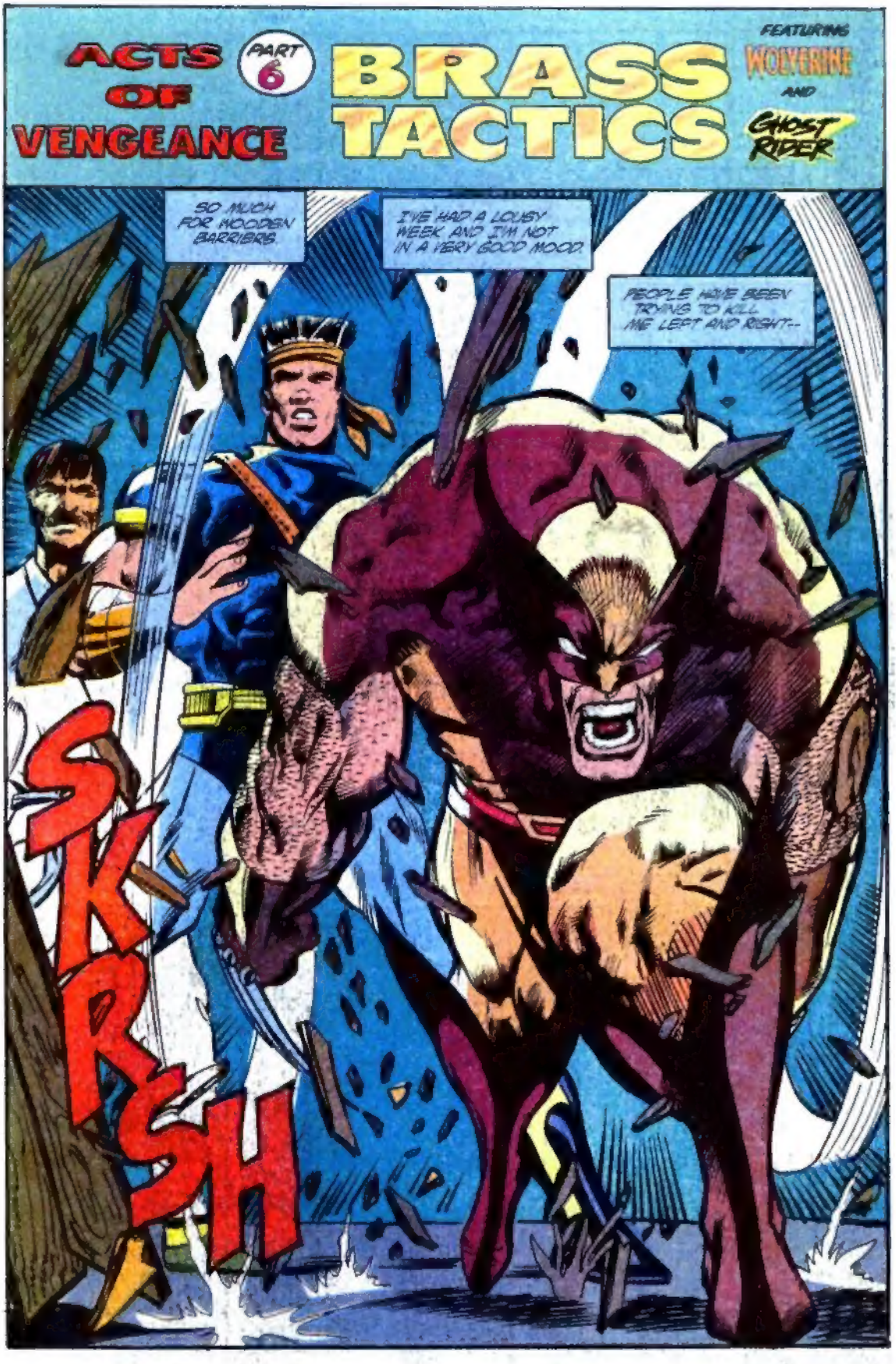
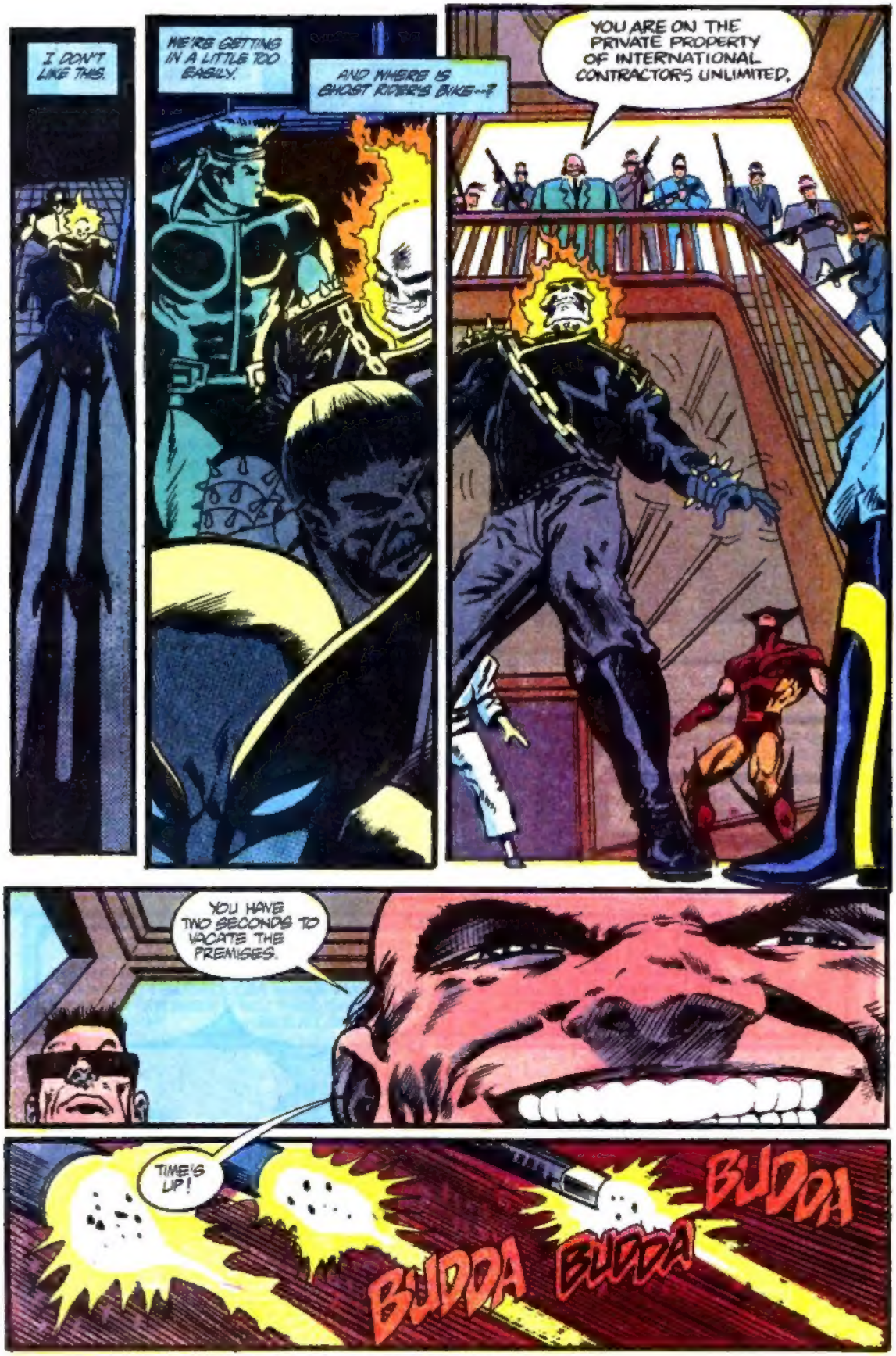

ACTS OF VENGEANCE
PART 6
BRASS TACTICS
FEATURING
WOLVERINE
AND
GHOST RIDER
SO MUCH FOR WOODEN BARRIERS.
I'VE HAD A LOUSY WEEK AND I'M NOT IN A VERY GOOD MOOD.
PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TRYING TO KILL ME LEFT AND RIGHT--
SKRSH

—AND I'VE BEEN LED AROUND BY A BUNCH OF PEOPLE WHO CLAIM TO KNOW WHO I AM.
THIS ISN'T LIKE ME.
I'M GETTING SOME ANSWERS NOW.
LOOKS LIKE THE GHOST RIDER CLEARED THE WAY FOR US.
I'M GOING IN TO GET BRIGITTE.
NOT YET, KID! I WANT SOME ANSWERS.
WHUMM!
BACK OFF, MUTIE!
YOU WANT TO GET PERSONAL, SONNY?
SNIK!
YEAH— OKAY!
AACH!
STUPID YOUTH. DO NOT SHED YOUR ALLYS BLOOD.

IT APPEARS THAT NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO GIVE SOME ANSWERS, MY HOT-TEMPERED OFFSPRING.
PLEASE RELEASE HIM, GHOST RIDER.
AS YOU WISH, BUT VENGEANCE MUST BE CARRIED OUT.
SIT, LOGAN-SAN.
HERE?
IT WAS YOUR IDEA, SIR. BESIDES, IT IS FITTING THAT SECRETS BE REVEALED IN THE SHADOW OF OUR ENEMY'S STRONGHOLD.
WE CAN THEN ENTER WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF TRUTH ON OUR SIDE.
DAD, ARE YOU STILL WRITING FORTUNE COOKIES?
FWUMP!
THANK YOU FOR SHOWING RESPECT FOR THE WISHES OF AN OLD MAN, MY SON.
I CAN SIT DOWN MYSELF.
PROCEED, BOY.

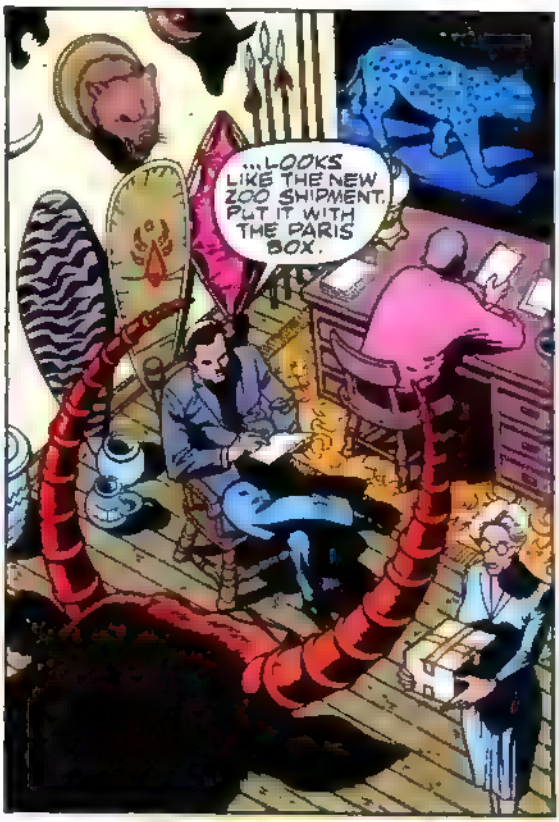
I'M A MARTIAL ARTIST PURE AND SIMPLE.
"MY FATHER STARTED TEACHING ME KATA AS SOON AS I COULD WALK.
"AND WHEN HE TAUGHT ME TO FIGHT I WAS HOOKED FOR LIFE.
"I KNEW I WANTED TO BECOME BETTER THAN HIM.
"WHEN I ENTERED COMPETITIONS, I LEARNED THAT I COULDN'T BE HIT.
"SOMEHOW I KNEW WHAT AN OPPONENT WAS GOING TO THROW AS SOON AS HE THOUGHT IT.
"IT GAVE ME AN EDGE.
"AS I GOT OLDER, I WAS FULL OF A SENSE OF PATRIOTISM FOR MY FATHER'S ADOPTED COUNTRY. I WANTED TO SERVE AS BEST I COULD—
"—SO I JOINED THE NAVY.
"I HAD NO TROUBLE QUALIFYING FOR THE S.E.A.L.S*
"THEY TAUGHT ME TO FIGHT IN WAYS THAT I HAD NEVER THOUGHT OF.
*A SPECIAL COMMANDO FORCE OF THE U.S. NAVY —TERRY
"THAT'S WHERE I PICKED UP MY NICKNAME—BRASS...
"...I ALWAYS WENT IN FOR THE JOBS THAT NO ONE ELSE WANTED.
"EVENTUALLY I MET A GIRL—THERESA.
"WE FELL IN LOVE."

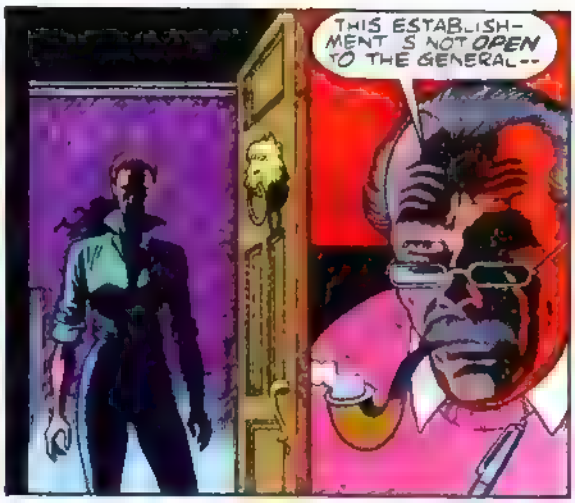
"ONE DAY IN MANHATTAN WE WERE MAKING PLANS...
"...PLANS ON HOW WE WOULD SPEND THE REST OF OUR LIVES TOGETHER.
"FOR HER THAT WAS NOT GOING TO BE TOO LONG.
"WE WERE ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE GATE OF THE AVENGERS MANSION WHEN THE MANDARIN ATTACKED.
"THERESA PANICKED.
"BEFORE I COULD STOP HER SHE RAN OUT IN FRONT OF A CAR.
"SHE WAS KILLED.
"I LATER LEARNED THAT THE MANDARIN WAS PART OF AN OVERALL CONSPIRACY--
"--AND ON THAT DAY I VOWED TO KILL ALL THAT TOOK PART IN IT.
"THE MANDARIN, THE RED SKULL, THE KINGPIN, AND MAGNETO.
"I STARTED BY HITTING A PEW OF THE MANDARIN'S OPERATIONS HERE IN CHINATOWN--"
SNAP
BINGO!
THERE'S THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE TWO OF US. THE MANDARIN AND I HAD A RUN-IN A FEW MONTHS AGO. HE'S GOT NO GREAT LOVE FOR ME, I'M SURE.
BUT WHY'D THEY COME AFTER YOUR OTHER STUDENT, THE ONE THAT BROUGHT THE GHOST RIDER INTO THIS WHOLE THING?
UNFORTUNATELY, JACK, AS IS MY DAUGHTER, IS SIMPLY AN INNOCENT PAWN CAUGHT BETWEEN THESE DARK FORCES.
ENOUGH TALK.
HE'S RIGHT. LET'S GO!


I DON'T LIKE THIS.
HE'S GETTING IN A LITTLE TOO EASILY.
AND WHERE IS GHOST RIDER'S BIKE--?
YOU ARE ON THE PRIVATE PROPERTY OF INTERNATIONAL CONTRACTORS UNLIMITED.
YOU HAVE TWO SECONDS TO VACATE THE PREMISES.
TIME'S UP!
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA

EVERYONE REACTS AT ONCE.
THAKA-THAKA-THAKA
GHOST RIDER TRIES CUT A BUNCH OF THEM WITH HIS CHAIN.
BRASS USES LONGER RANGE WEAPONS.
AND THE KID CAN FIGHT.
A KNIFE AGAINST A GUN.
HIS NICKNAME SUITS HIM.
THEN AGAIN--I'M NO SLOUCH EITHER.

AND THE OLD MAN IS HOLDING HIS OWN.
WHO AM I KIDDING? HE'S COVERING MY TAIL.
GHOST RIDER'S JUST STANDING THERE TAKING ALL THE LEAD, GESTURING LIKE HE EXPECTS SOMETHING TO--
--HAPPEN.
PING
TING
OH SH--
BOOM
I GUESS I KNOW WHERE HIS BIKE WAS NOW.
BUT THE QUESTION IS--WHERE ARE HE AND BRASS GOING ON IT?
SKRASH
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...





THE BUSH OF GHOSTS

PART 2

ARROW OF GODS

FEATURING SHANNA THE SHE-DEVIL

YUMMM!
I KNOW THE SIGNS.
YOUR BOSS, CROSS-WALLACE--HIS LITTLE RIVALS. BUT WHY THE STOMACHS? WHY CUT THEM OUT?
WE'RE ONLY... IMPORTERS...
...LEGITIMATE...
I'LL BE BACK, WHATEVER YOU DO...
...DON'T CALL CROSS WALLACE.
GET THE TELEPHONE. CALL THE HOTEL RITZ IN PARIS.

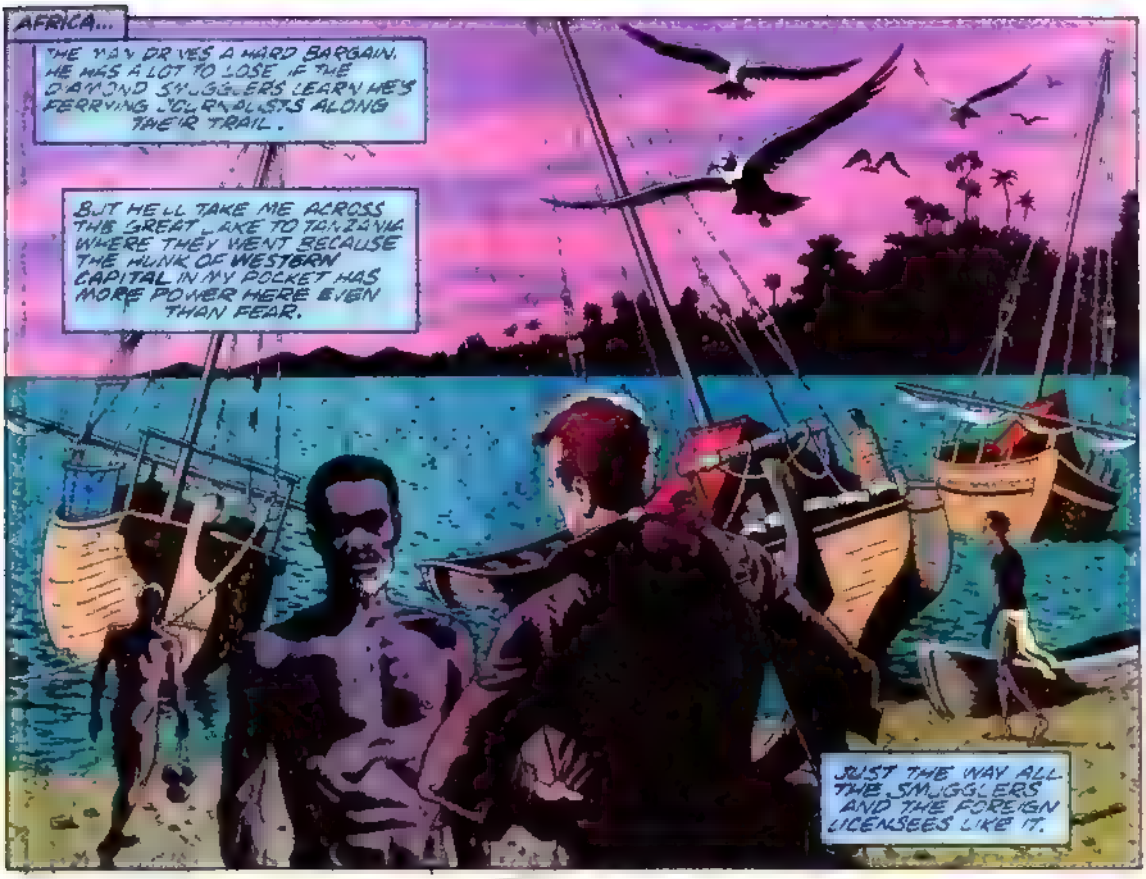
SIR GUY CROSS-WALLACE -- THE DRUMBEATS THUNDER FROM THE DARKNESS. THE HERBS TAKE FLIGHT IN SMOKY AIR.
THE KNIFE GROWS LUSTFUL.
AKULIA COMES, HER BLACKNESS DETACHING FROM THE DEEPER BLACKNESS, THE GIFT IN HER HANDS.
AND THE THIRSTY GODS WILL --!
BRRRRRRING
BLAST IT.
YES, THIS IS SIR GUY. THIS IS A BIT OF AN INCONVENIENT TIME TO...
MM... YES, YES, I SEE.
SEEMS WE'RE A BIT LATE WITH OUR GOOD-LUCK SPELL... WE'LL HAVE TO CALL OFF THE DEAL.
WHAT HAPPENED?
SHANNA.

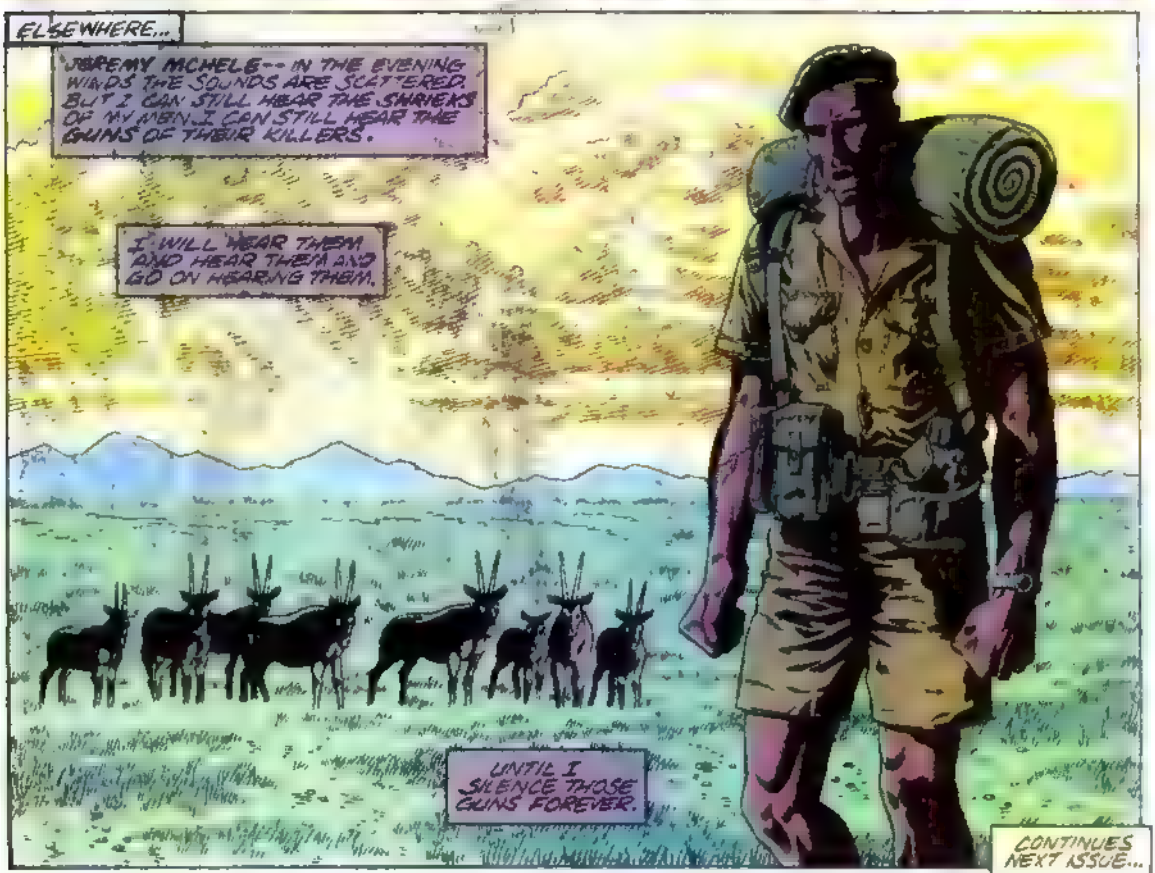
DUBOSE WILSON--FOOL DON'T KNOW A PLAYER WHEN HE SEES ONE.
MAN COMIN' IN FROM LONDON WITH SOME STONES, JONES. PULL A END-RUN ON THE MAS-SIDAM, SLIM. SET ME UP A BUSINESS.
DUBOSE... WILSON AIN'T MESSIN' WITH NO MORE TEENY-BOPPER CRACK-HEADS, AND THAT'S ALL.
DUBOSE, MY MAN...I THINK TS TIME YOU LEARNED TO CONCEN-TRATE MORE ON IMMEDIATE REALITIES.
LIKE--
WE TELL YOU LAST TIME, WILSON--
--PAY UP OR DIE!
BAM
BAM BAM
OH, YES.
IMMEDIATE REALITIES.
I GOT TO GET THOSE DIAMONDS QUICK.

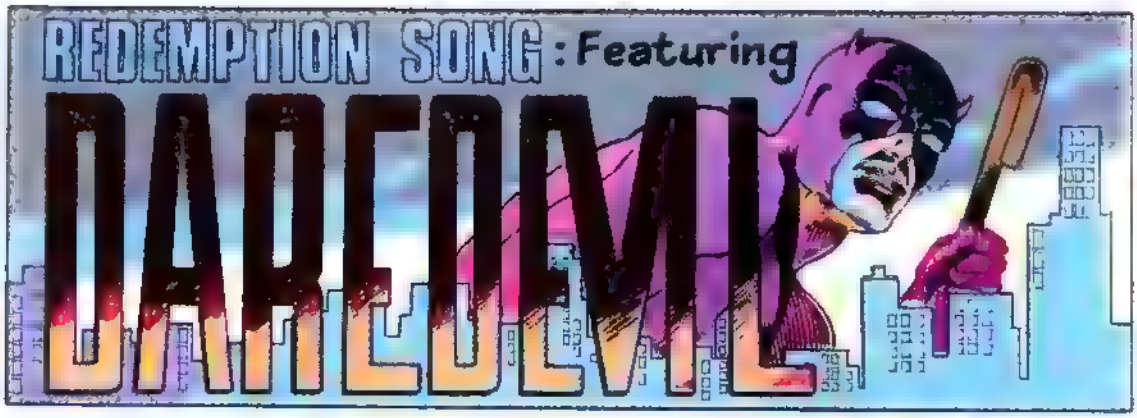
ELSEWHERE...
I'LL GIVE YOU SOME MEDS FOR THE PAIN.
YOU'RE LUCKY YOU WEREN'T KILLED. THAT WAS QUITE AN ACCIDENT.
ACCIDENT, MY--
BEEN A LOT OF SLIP-UPS DOWN THERE LATELY, HELLER. YOU'LL BE SAFER IF YOU HEAD BACK TO KINSHASA...AND LOOK FOR SOME OTHER STORY TO INVEST.GATE.
SHOULD I PASS THAT ON TO THE ZAIRIAN GOVERNMENT? THEY'RE LOSING EXPORT TAXES ON THESE DIAMOND THEFTS, YOU KNOW.
COULD BE WHY THEY PUSHED TO GET ME IN HERE.
THEY GOT YOU IN TO DO A PHOTO-ESSAY ON FOREIGN MINE LICENSEES, THAT'S ALL. AND THAT'S ALL YOU'LL GO OUT WITH.
THEN EVERYBODY'S GOING TO BE HAPPY, AND ALIVE
BAD MEDICINE.
WHAT?
BUT THESE ARE THE PAIN PILLS THE MEDIC--
NO. POISON.

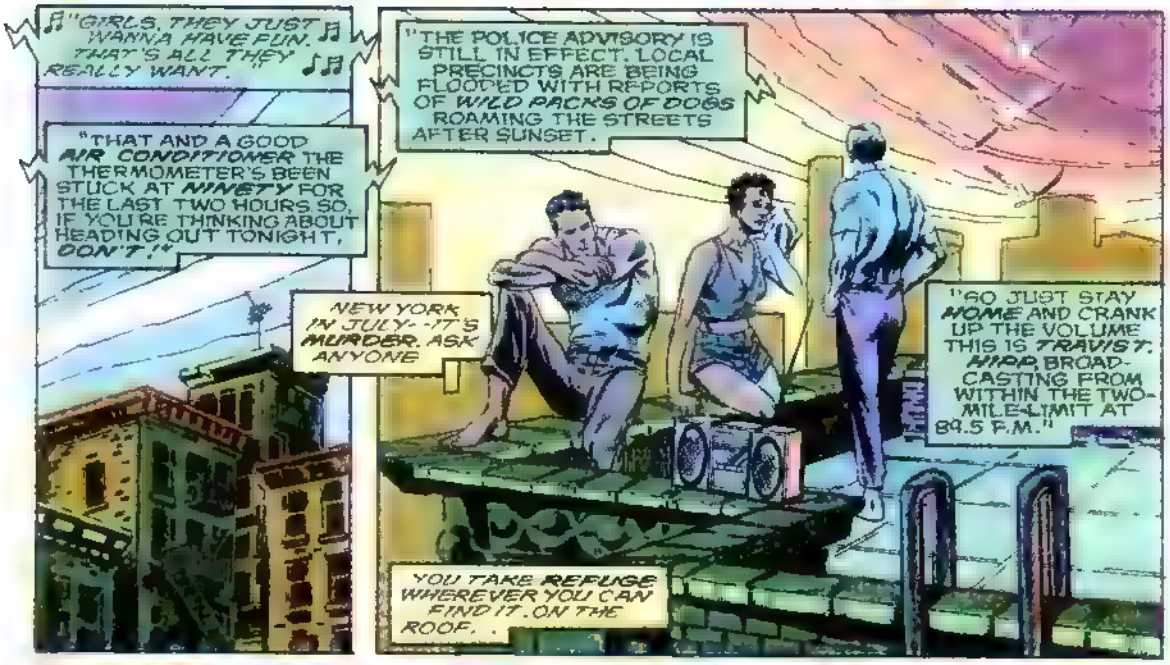
LISTEN, NURSE--
MITUMBA MOUNTAINS. OVER MOUNTAINS. TO LAKE.
THAT'S... WHERE THE DIAMONDS ARE GOING?
GO.
WHAT ABOUT--
GO!
I HAVE TO.
P.O.K
WHAT ELSE CAN I DO? WHAT GOOD CAN I DO?
EXCEPT BREAK THE STORY.
PARIS...
YOU KNEW I WAS COMING.

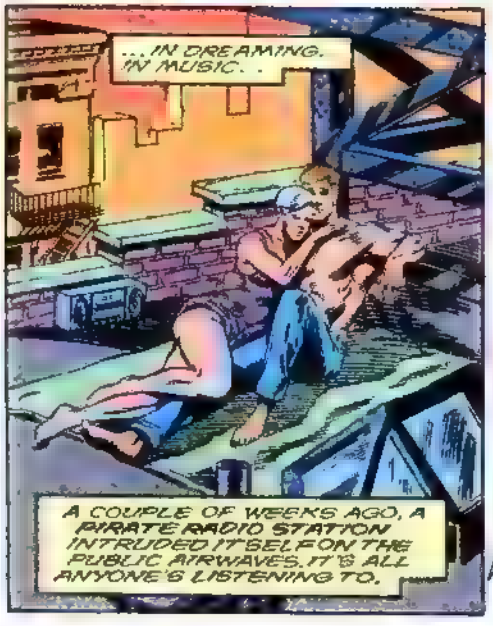
TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CLEAN THE PLACE UP.
YOU'RE GOING DEEP INTO THIS STUFF, GUY.
TOO DEEP.
AND I'M GOING TO HAVE TO FOLLOW YOU IN.
NEW YORK...
N72242
FORGET IT, DUBOSE. EVERYBODY'S OFF THAT PLANE. YOUR BIG MAN LEFT YOU BOUNC N' IN THE BREEZE.
ICE -- BROTHER -- YOU GOT TO COVER ME. A COUPLE GRAND. I'LL GIVE YOU MY CHANGE, MAN.
AND GO GET ME ONE OF THOSE HATS THAT'S FLAT ON TOP... AND ONE OF THOSE DRESS THINGS, THOSE DIZZY GILLESPIE NUMBERS, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
WHAT ARE YOU SCHEMING, MAN?
ONLY THING I CAN DO, HOLMES GOT TO GO AFTER THE BIG MAN. GOT TO GO TO TANZANIA.


AFRICA...
THE MAN DRIVES A HARD BARGAIN. HE HAS A LOT TO LOSE IF THE DIAMOND SMUGGLERS LEARN HE'S FERRYING JOURNALISTS ALONG THEIR TRAIL.
BUT HE'LL TAKE ME ACROSS THE GREAT LAKE TO TANZANIA WHERE THEY WENT BECAUSE THE HUNK OF WESTERN CAPITAL IN MY POCKET HAS MORE POWER HERE EVEN THAN FEAR.
JUST THE WAY ALL THE SMUGGLERS AND THE FOREIGN LICENSEES LIKE IT.


ELSEWHERE...
JEREMY MICHELE-- IN THE EVENING WINDS THE SOUNDS ARE SCATTERED. BUT I CAN STILL HEAR THE SHRIEKS OF MY MEN. I CAN STILL HEAR THE GUNS OF THEIR KILLERS.
I WILL HEAR THEM AND HEAR THEM AND GO ON HEARING THEM.
UNTIL I SILENCE THOSE GUNS FOREVER.
CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE...


REDEMPTION SONG: Featuring
DAREDEVIL


♫"GIRLS, THEY JUST WANNA HAVE FUN. THAT'S ALL THEY REALLY WANT." ♫♫
"THAT AND A GOOD AIR CONDITIONER THE THERMOMETER'S BEEN STUCK AT NINETY FOR THE LAST TWO HOURS SO, IF YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT HEADING OUT TONIGHT, DON'T."
"THE POLICE ADVISORY IS STILL IN EFFECT. LOCAL PRECINCTS ARE BEING FLOODED WITH REPORTS OF WILD PACKS OF DOGS ROAMING THE STREETS AFTER SUNSET.
NEW YORK IN JULY--IT'S MURDER. ASK ANYONE
"SO JUST STAY HOME AND CRANK UP THE VOLUME THIS IS TRAVIS T. HIPP, BROADCASTING FROM WITHIN THE TWO-MILE-LIMIT AT 84.5 F.M."
YOU TAKE REFUGE WHEREVER YOU CAN FIND IT. ON THE ROOF. .


...IN DREAMING. IN MUSIC. .
A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO, A PIRATE RADIO STATION INTRUDED ITSELF ON THE PUBLIC AIRWAVES. IT'S ALL ANYONE'S LISTENING TO.

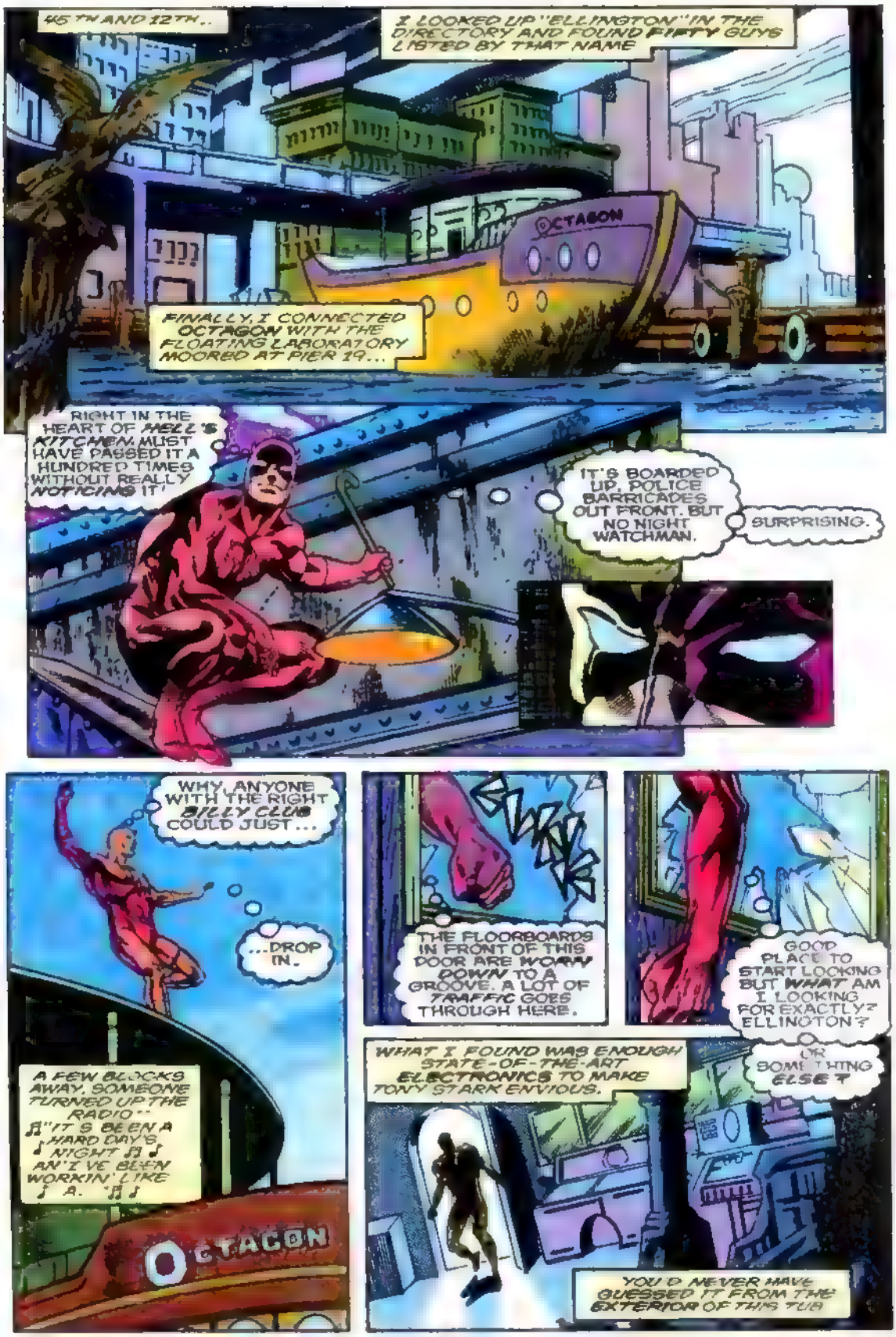
IT'S SOME COMFORT.
.. BUT NOT MUCH.
♫"DO YA LOVE ME? (DO YOU LOVE ME?)" ♫

HIS MUSCLES WERE FLABBY. AFTER FIVE BLOCKS, HE WAS GASPING FOR AIR
♫ DO YA LOVE ME? (DO YOU LOVE ME?) NOW THAT I CAN DANCE." ♫

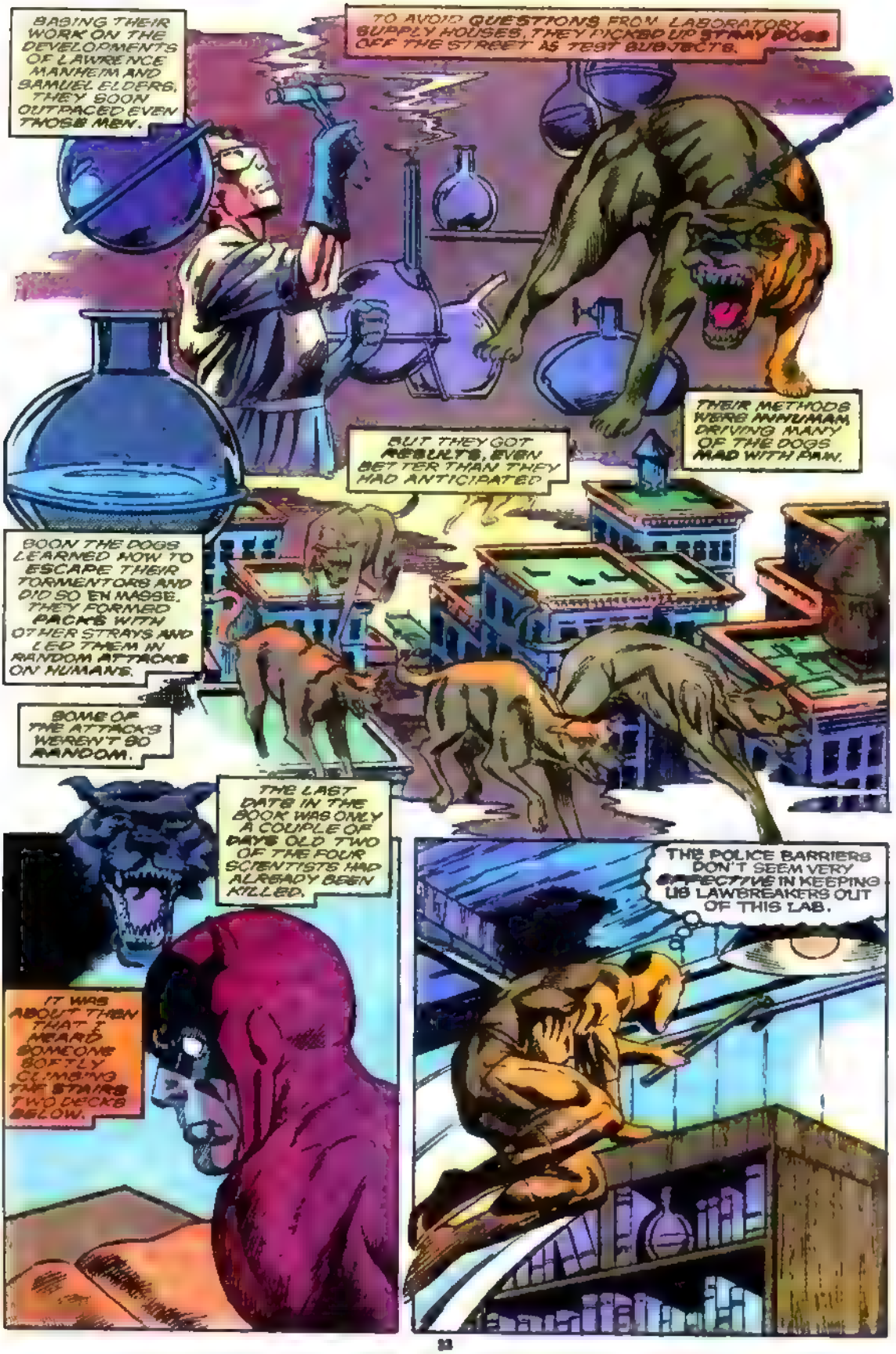
HOT IN THE CITY
AT 41ST AND 12TH THE DOGS CLOSED IN.
HIS HEART WAS POUNDING LIKE A JACKHAMMER
♫"I CAN DO THE TWIST (DO THE TWIST)♫
♫"MASH POTATO (I CAN MASH POTATO)"♫♪♫
♫"DO YOU LIKE IT, BABY? DO YOU LIKE IT LIKE THIS?"♫♪
HE WAS GOING INTO SHOCK BY THE TIME I GOT THERE.
IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE, REALLY.

WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO THESE ANIMALS? THEY ACT MORE LIKE A MOB OF VIGILANTES THAN RABID DOGS.
COMING OUT AT NIGHT, USING THE DARK FOR COVER...EVEN EVADING POLICE DRAGNETS.
TWO HUNDRED POUND MASTIFF--PROBABLY THE ALPHA MALE OF THE PACK.
IF I CAN CATCH HIM IN THE SOLAR PLEXUS--
--GOOD AND HARD--
THUK
--THE OTHERS MIGHT TURN AND RUN LIKE EVERY MOB DOES WHEN THEIR LEADER FALLS.
KRAC
IT WAS THE ONLY THING THAT WENT RIGHT THAT NIGHT.
THE GUY'S HALF DEAD. SHOULDN'T EVEN BE ABLE TO MOVE.
DAREDEVIL, LISTEN...

TAKE IT EASY. DON'T TRY--
LISTEN, #@?/17' THERE'S A MAN... SCIENTIST NAMED ELLINGTON... HE WORKED FOR OCTAGON. FOUR OF US DID...
THE DOGS... GOT THREE OF US NOW. BUT ELLINGTON'S ALIVE. I-I WAS ON MY... MY WAY WARN HIM...
THANKS TO MY ENHANCED SENSES, I COULD HEAR HIS BODILY FUNCTIONS SLOWING...
HE GAVE UP THEN, AND SLUMPED TO THE GROUND LIKE A USED RAG.
AND I SWEAR I HEARD A SIGH OF RELIEF ON HIS LIPS. HE HAD RID HIMSELF OF A BURDEN...
...AND PASSED IT ON TO ME.
WOOOOOEEEE WOOOOOEEEE
SIRENS! SOMEONE MUST HAVE REPORTED THE FIGHT.
NOTHING MORE I CAN DO HERE.
THE CITY'S GONE CRAZY THIS SUMMER, BETWEEN THE DOGS AND THIS AWFUL HEAT. I SHOULD BE TAKING A COLD SHOWER AND RELAXING.
THAT WOULD BE THE SANE THING TO DO.
BUT I FEEL AN OBLIGATION TO WARN THIS ELLINGTON GUY. IF I HAD BEEN A LITTLE FASTER, HIS FRIEND MIGHT HAVE LIVED.

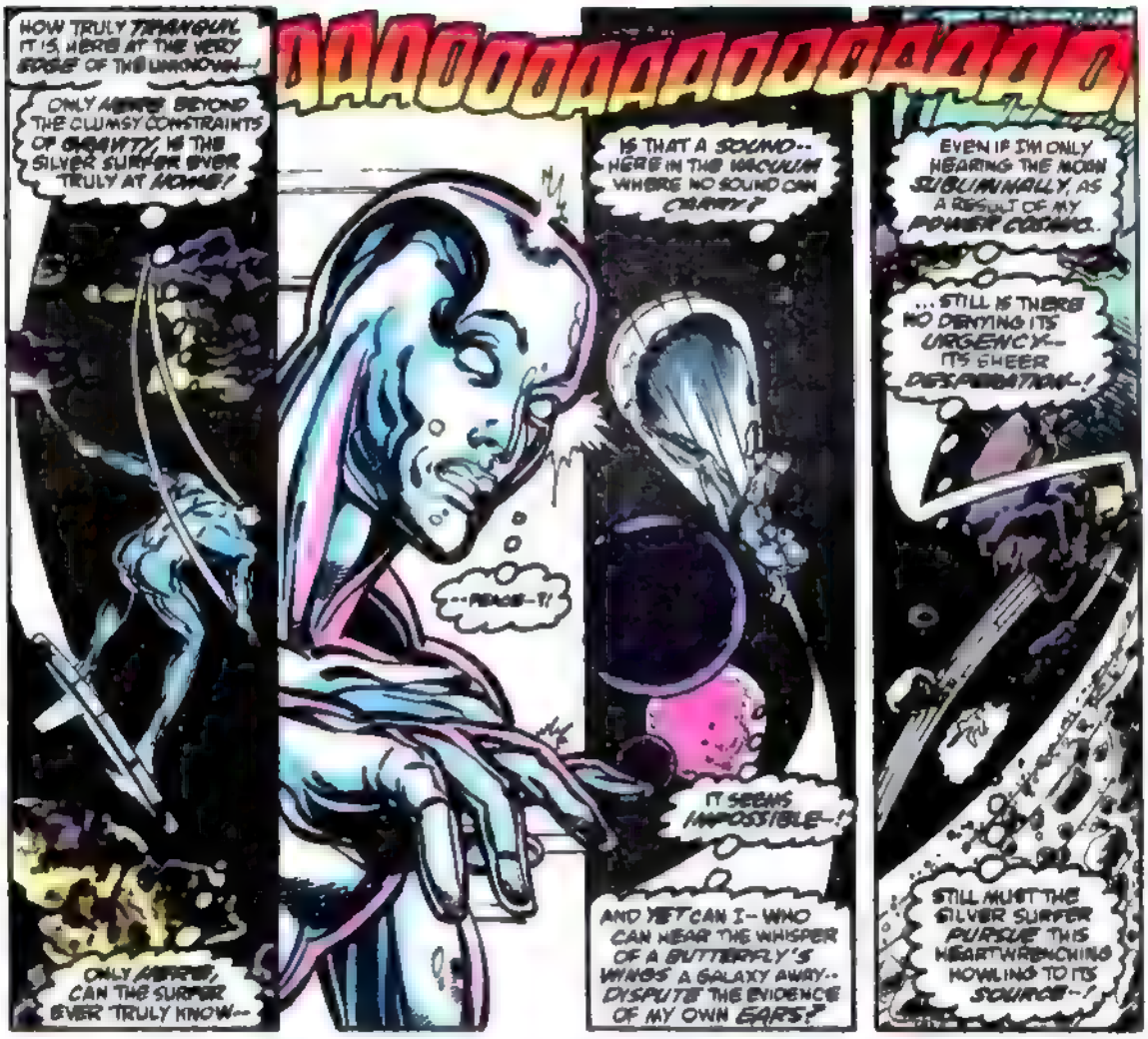

45TH AND 12TH..
I LOOKED UP "ELLINGTON" IN THE DIRECTORY AND FOUND FIFTY GUYS LISTED BY THAT NAME
OCTAGON
FINALLY, I CONNECTED OCTAGON WITH THE FLOATING LABORATORY MOORED AT PIER 19...
RIGHT IN THE HEART OF HELL'S KITCHEN. MUST HAVE PASSED IT A HUNDRED TIMES WITHOUT REALLY NOTICING IT!
IT'S BOARDED UP. POLICE BARRICADES OUT FRONT. BUT NO NIGHT WATCHMAN.
SURPRISING.
WHY ANYONE WITH THE RIGHT BILLY CLUB COULD JUST...
...DROP IN.
A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, SOMEONE TURNED UP THE RADIO... ♫"IT'S BEEN A HARD DAY'S NIGHT ♫ ♪ AN' I'VE BEEN WORKIN' LIKE ♪ A. "♫ ♪
OCTAGON
THE FLOORBOARDS IN FRONT OF THIS DOOR ARE WORN DOWN TO A GROOVE. A LOT OF TRAFFIC GOES THROUGH HERE.
GOOD PLACE TO START LOOKING BUT WHAT AM I LOOKING FOR EXACTLY? ELLINGTON? OR SOMETHING ELSE?
WHAT I FOUND WAS ENOUGH STATE-OF-THE-ART ELECTRONICS TO MAKE TONY STARK ENVIOUS.
YOU'D NEVER HAVE GUESSED IT FROM THE EXTERIOR OF THIS TUB

... AND MAYBE THAT WAS THE POINT.
COATING OF DUST OVER EVERYTHING. BEEN A WHILE SINCE THIS STUFF'S BEEN USED.
BUT THERE'S A SMELL COMING FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THOSE CANVAS PARTITIONS.
HAIR TONIC. SOMEONE'S BEEN HERE IN THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.
THERE'S A TON OF SOFTWARE HERE. PROBABLY LOADED WITH USEFUL INFORMATION.
BUT I'M BLIND-- AND I CAN'T READ A COMPUTER SCREEN BY TOUCH. OH, FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS...
...WHEN PEOPLE KEPT HANDWRITTEN JOURNALS.
BLESS THE ECCENTRIC NATURE OF THE SCIENTIFIC MIND.
JOURNAL
THE HANDWRITING WAS SLOPPY, BUT SOON IT BECAME CLEAR. I HAD STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING MORE THAN A MISSING PERSONS CASE.
IT WAS A RECORD OF RESEARCH GONE AMOK.
THE OCTAGON GROUP HAD HIRED FOUR SCIENTISTS, ALL PROMINENT FIGURES IN BRAIN BIOCHEMISTRY, TO DEVELOP AN INTELLIGENCE-BOOSTING DRUG.
MONEY WAS TO BE NO OBJECT. NEITHER, IT SEEMED, WAS SCIENTIFIC PRUDENCE.


BASING THEIR WORK ON THE DEVELOPMENTS OF LAWRENCE MANHEIM AND SAMUEL ELDERS, THEY SOON OUTPACED EVEN THOSE MEN.
TO AVOID QUESTIONS FROM LABORATORY SUPPLY HOUSES, THEY PICKED UP STRAY DOGS OFF THE STREET AS TEST SUBJECTS.
THEIR METHODS WERE INHUMAN, DRIVING MANY OF THE DOGS MAD WITH PAIN.
BUT THEY GOT RESULTS, EVEN BETTER THAN THEY HAD ANTICIPATED.
SOON THE DOGS LEARNED HOW TO ESCAPE THEIR TORMENTORS AND DID SO EN MASSE. THEY FORMED PACKS WITH OTHER STRAYS AND LED THEM IN RANDOM ATTACKS ON HUMANS.
SOME OF THE ATTACKS WEREN'T SO RANDOM.
THE LAST DATE IN THE BOOK WAS ONLY A COUPLE OF DAYS OLD. TWO OF THE FOUR SCIENTISTS HAD ALREADY BEEN KILLED.
IT WAS ABOUT THEN THAT I HEARD SOMEONE SOFTLY CLIMBING THE STAIRS TWO DECKS BELOW.
THE POLICE BARRIERS DON'T SEEM VERY EFFECTIVE IN KEEPING UB LAWBREAKERS OUT OF THIS LAB.

THAT SMELL...! HAIR TONIC!
CLIK
YOU CAN COME OUT DAREDEVIL. IF YOU LEAVE RIGHT AWAY, I WON'T PRESS CRIMINAL CHARGES.
HOW...?!
DR. ELLINGTON, RIGHT?
YES, AND AS TO "HOW?"...
...CALL IT A SIXTH SENSE. NOW PLEASE, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I HAVE MUCH TO DO.
I DO MIND. I THINK THERE'RE CERTAIN MATTERS WE SHOULD DISCUSS, YOUR DIARIES--
ARE MY AFFAIR! YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO READ THEM!
I'LL WARN YOU ONLY ONCE, DAREDEVIL. MY TIMP IS SHORT AND I WON'T LET YOU INTERFERE.
ELLINGTON, DON'T BE--
IT'S A SOUND EXPLOSIVE. IF I SO MUCH AS SHAKE THIS VIAL...
...A LARGE PART OF MANHATTAN REAL ESTATE IS GONE!
CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE...

AT FIRST, THERE IS ONLY THE GREAT DARKNESS, THE EBON INFINITY OF DEEPEST SPACE--
--SPATTERED LIKE SOME INSANE ARTIST'S CANVAS WITH A SPRAWLING PANOPLY OF STARS.
THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, ONE STAR SUDDENLY SEEMS TO GROW BRIGHTER THAN THE REST--
--AS IF PULSING WITH A POWER MUCH TOO GREAT TO EVER BE CONTAINED.
THERE ARE FEW THINGS IN THIS POOR UNIVERSE EVER TO BE TOUCHED BY THIS EXTRAORDINARY POWER--
--BUT THAT WHICH HAS IS BEEN CHANGED BY ITS TOUCH FOREVER...
SUCH IS THE POWER COSMIC POSSESSED ONLY BY THE SHINING SENTINEL OF THE SPACEWAYS...
SILVER SURFER
"A HOWLING IN THE VOID"


HOW TRULY TRANQUIL IT IS, HERE AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE UNKNOWN--!
ONLY HERE, BEYOND THE CLUMSY CONSTRAINTS OF GRAVITY, IS THE SILVER SURFER EVER TRULY AT HOME!
ONLY HERE, CAN THE SURFER EVER TRULY KNOW--
AAAOOOAAAOOOAAAO
--PEACE--?!
IS THAT A SOUND-- HERE IN THE VACUUM WHERE NO SOUND CAN EXIST?
IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE--!
AND YET CAN I-- WHO CAN HEAR THE WHISPER OF A BUTTERFLY'S WINGS A GALAXY AWAY-- DISPUTE THE EVIDENCE OF MY OWN EARS?
EVEN IF I'M ONLY HEARING THE MOAN SUBLIMINALLY, AS A RESULT OF MY POWER COSMIC--
...STILL IS THERE NO DENYING ITS URGENCY-- ITS SHEER DESPERATION--!
STILL MUST THE SILVER SURFER PURSUE THIS HEARTWRENCHING HOWLING TO ITS SOURCE--!

AND, TRUE TO HIS WORD, SOME TIME LATER--
--IF TIME CAN TRULY BE MEASURED HERE WHERE TIME HAS NO MEANING..
APPARENTLY, THE MOANING ISSUES FROM THIS HUGE DERELICT SPACESHIP--
--WHICH MAKES ABOUT AS MUCH SENSE, I SUPPOSE, AS THE REST OF THIS INSANE UNIVERSE!
AAAAOOOOAAAAO

FROM THE LOOK OF IT, THIS CRAFT HAS DRIFTED THUS, ABUSED AND ABANDONED, FOR MANY YEARS--
-- ITS EXTERIOR RAVAGED, ITS HULL PITTED AND CHEWED--!
AAAOOOAAAOOOAAAOOOAAA
APPARENTLY, THIS VESSEL WAS THE VICTIM OF SOME GREAT GALACTIC BATTLE--!
IS IT THEN POSSIBLE, AFTER ALL THIS TIME, THAT THERE COULD STILL BE A SURVIVOR ABOARD?
THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO KNOW FOR CERTAIN!
A TRULY FASCINATING VESSEL--!
ITS CONSTRUCTION IS UNLIKE ANYTHING I HAVE EVER BEFORE SEEN--!
IT APPEARS ALMOST MECHA-ORGANIC IN COMPOSITION, OR PERHAPS--
NEBULAE UNFOLDING.
OOOOOOOOOOOOOO
IT SEEMS MY OBSERVATION WAS CORRECT-- AND MY QUESTION HAS BEEN ANSWERED--!
THE CREW OF THIS VESSEL WERE WARRIORS INDEED-- AND THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS!

AAAOOO
FROM THE STATE OF DECAY, I'D SAY THESE BEINGS HAVE BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS. PERHAPS CENTURIES...
...AND YET THE MOANING THROUGHOUT THE VESSEL PERSISTS!
AAAOOO
YET, IF THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS, THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER CAUSE FOR THIS HIDEOUS HOWLING!
PERHAPS IT IS MECHANICAL IN NATURE, CAUSED BY THE EXTREME DAMAGE TO THE SHIP'S CIRCUITRY--!
AND IF NO ONE IS IN DANGER HERE THERE IS NO NEED FOR ME TO LINGER!
THE STAR-STREWN VASTNESS CALLS TO THE SILVER SURFER...
...AND I CANNOT WAIT TO ANSWER ITS SIREN--
--SH!
A DISTURBANCE IN THE ETHER BEHIND ME... SOMETHING MOVING--!
NEBULAE UNFOLDING!
WHAT MADNESS IS THIS?!
IT WOULD SEEM THE DEAD NOT LIVE--

--AND, WORSE, THEY HUNGER FOR BATTLE!
SHAKT
AAARGHH
THIS MUST BE A NIGHTMARE--AND YET THAT RAY-BLAST FELT PAINFULLY REAL!
I'VE NO DESIRE TO RAISE MY HAND AGAINST THOSE ALREADY FALLEN IN BATTLE--
--BUT IT IS OBVIOUS I HAVE NO CHOICE!
SHAKT
LET IT BE DONE THEN--AND QUICKLY!
FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS.
MAY YOUR LONG REST NOW CONTINUE UNDISTURBED.
WHAT--?!
AGAIN THESE CORPSES RISE--
-- AS IF MY POWER COSMIC HAD NEVER SO MUCH AS TOUCHED THEM--!

IN ALL MY TRAVELS, NEVER HAVE I FOUGHT FOES AS GROTESQUE AS THESE!
MY POWER COSMIC CUTS THEM DOWN LIKE CHAFF--
SHOOM
-- YET STILL THE SMOLDERING EMBERS CONTINUE TO ASSAULT ME...
...DRIVING ME EVER DEEPER INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE SHIP--!
SHOOM
BUT THE SILVER SURFER IS NOT ONE TO BE HERDED LIKE SOME MINDLESS SHEEP!
AT LAST MY POWER COSMIC IS TAKING ITS TOLL!
SHOOM
THE CORPSES FALL, BUT DO NOT RISE-- AS IF THEIR PURPOSE HAS BEEN FINALLY FULFILLED!
I WOULD PRESUME I'M IN THE VESSEL'S CONTROL ROOM-- BUT AM I?
THERE IS NO PLACE FOR ANYONE TO SIT AT THESE CONTROLS, ALMOST AS IF THE SHIP ITSELF WERE--
NEBULAE UNFOLDING!
WHY DIDN'T I SEE IT SOONER?

AAAOOOAAAOOOAAAOOOAAAOOOC
IT IS YOU WHO ARE MOANING, ISN'T IT, SHIP?
THE LIFE-FORCE I HAVE SENSED HERE IS YOURS!
NO! CEASE YOUR CURSED HOWLING, SHIP!
THERE IS NO LONGER ANY NEED OF IT!
I UNDERSTAND YOUR SITUATION NOW--I RECOGNIZE YOUR PAIN--!
IF SOMEHOW I CAN EASE YOUR SUFFERING, I WILL GLADLY--
AAARRGH!
FOR A SINGLE INTERMINABLE INSTANT, THE SILVER SURFER BECOMES ONE WITH THE HOWLING VESSEL, SHARING ITS AGONY, SHARING ITS MEMORIES--
--REMEMBERING THE LONG-AGO BATTLE THAT HAD SLAUGHTERED ITS CREW--
--REMEMBERING ITS UNTOLD YEARS OF DRIFTING AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE VOID--
--REMEMBERING A MULTITUDE OF TORMENTS THAT DEFY DESCRIPTION...

...AND THEN, ABRUPTLY, THE MEMORIES CEASE!
I COMPREHEND IT ALL NOW...
...HOW YOUR MECHANICAL LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEMS HAVE KEPT YOU ALIVE ALL THESE YEARS--
--DESPITE YOUR MORTAL INJURIES!
AND YET I FEAR I CANNOT HELP YOU, MY FRIEND--!
NOT EVEN MY POWER COSMIC IS ABLE TO HEAL SUCH TERRIBLE WOUNDS--
--OR REVERSE THE RELENTLESS CALL OF DEATH--!
THEN, IN HIS HEAD, THE SURFER HEARS IT--
--A VOICE THAT IS NOT A VOICE, SPEAKING WORDS THAT ARE NOT TRULY WORDS...
"IF YOU CANNOT HEAL ME," SAYS THE VOICELESS VOICE, "THEN I BEG OF YOU, RELEASE ME..."
NO! HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY ASK THAT-- WHEN I AM SWORN TO PROTECT ALL LIFE, NOT TAKE IT!
AND YET, TO IGNORE ITS PLEA IS TO CONDEMN THIS POOR CREATURE TO ETERNAL AGONY!
THEN, BEFORE THE SURFER CAN MAKE HIS DECISION--
--IT IS TAKEN, QUITE LITERALLY, FROM HIS HANDS!
SHOOM
WHAT--?!? SOMEHOW THE SHIP HAS DRAWN MY POWER COSMIC FROM ME--
--POWER ENOUGH... TO KILL IT--
FAREWELL, MY FRIEND!
I PRAY YOU HAVE AT LAST FOUND THE PEACE YOU SO DESPERATELY SOUGHT!
ONE FINAL BURST OF ENERGY THEN TO PROPEL THE SHIP ON A CREMATION COURSE WITH THIS SUN--
POOM
--AND IT IS FINALLY DONE!
THEN, AT LAST, THERE IS SILENCE ONCE MORE IN THE VOID.
THE END.

50
YEARS
OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA
1941–1991
SILVER SURFER
DAREDEVIL
SHANNA